

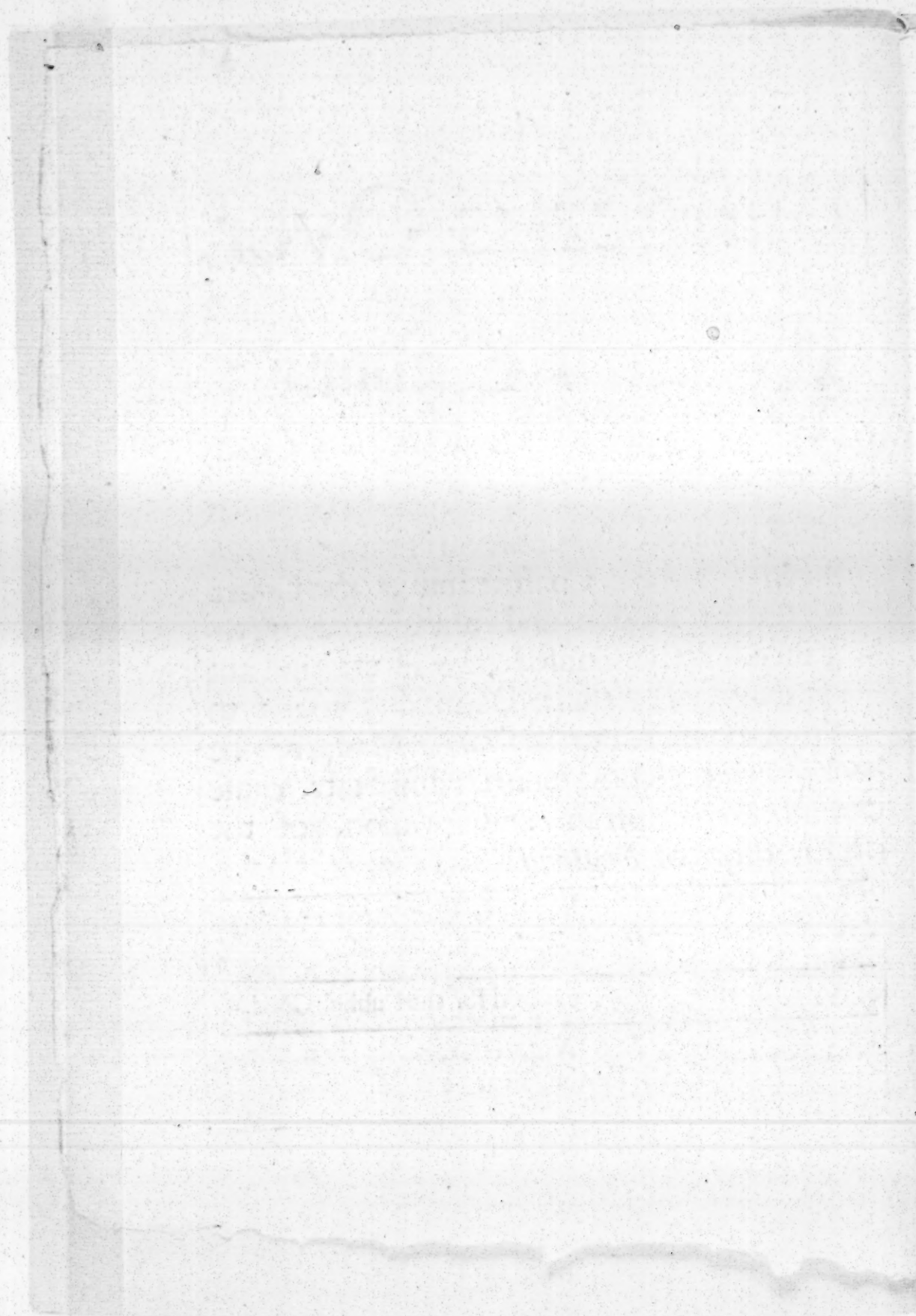
T H E
Danger is Over,
A N D T H E
Tyrant's Undone :
B E I N G

A True and Faithful Account of
the great Consternation of the *French*,
both on their Coasts, and at the Court,
upon the sudden and unexpected appearance
of the Confederate Fleet, and the
Discovery of their Damn'd Designs to
Assassinate King *William*, Massacre the
Principal Men in Church and State, cause
an Insurrection in, and Invasion, of the
Kingdom of *England*.

In a Letter from an English Gentleman at Paris, to a Member of Parliament.

An Authentick Copy, expos'd for the Publick Good.

L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year 1696.



T H E

Danger is Over, &c.

Dear Friend,

THE sudden and surprizing appearance of the *English* and *Dutch* Fleet in *Graveling-Road* (at a juncture when there was not the least expectation of them, but rather an Opinion that it was impossible for them to come out in less than two Months) gave a mighty Alarm all along the Coast, and put all the Inhabitants at *Bulloign*, *Calais*, *Graveling*, *Mardike*, and *Dunkirk*, as also the Troops drawn down into those Parts to be ready to embark for *England*, into the greatest Consternation imaginable ; nothing but Confusion appear'd in all their Conduct, Astonish-

ment and Amazement in all their Actions; King *Wou'd be*, JAMES, was then at *Calais*, with his General, Field, and Court-Officers, preparing all things for an Invasion of *England*, having actually embark'd his Artillery, Horses, Equipage, Provisions, Money, &c. and some Battalions of Foot, but, to his great and unspeakable Mortification, all on a sudden saw a mighty Fleet of Ships hovering up on the Coasts of *France* all along, and receiving certain Information that it was the Confederate Fleet just arriv'd from *Dover*, *Downes*, and *Spithead*, &c. he cou'd not believe it at first, but rather thought it the *Brest* Squadron, or the Store-Ships coming to join the Transports, and Men of War, intended for his Service, but being soon convinc'd of the contrary, by some small Fishing-Vessels that were chas'd in, he fell into a most violent fury, and express'd himself to this purpose, *That all his Designs, tho' the most hopeful in the World, were blasted without a Blow ! That all was now lost, and irrecoverably gone ! That he*
wou'd

wou'd never more attempt what he now saw was in vain to Project! That the Winds, nay, the whole Host of Heaven, had visibly declar'd against him! And that 'twas to fight against God, to think to destroy his Enemies by Force! That the preventing the intended Blow, by the discovery of the Design, and the baffling the Invasion, by the sudden and surprizing appearance of such a Mighty Power upon the Coasts, were such Stabbing strokes, such Damn'd ill accidents, that they cou'd never be retriev'd! That he was inevitably ruin'd! And that his dear Ally, and best Brother, the French King, was undone by adhering to his Interests! And that he himself, even the Great (and once thought Invincible) Lewis, must, and wou'd soon fall a Sacrifice to his implacable Enemies! That he easily foresaw this dire Destiny wou'd attend them both! And all their Friends and Well-wishers! The whole Company were astonish'd at these Expressions, and stood Mute, without making the least Reply; all sneak'd away, and left the poor Infortunate Tool alone, who soon withdrew,
and

and threw himself upon his Bed, and fell into a Fit of Raving and Despair, had no rest that Day nor Night, nor Visits the next, but fill'd with Fears, shadow'd with Shame and Confusion, and clouded with Melancholy, he toss'd and tumbled, rose, and went to Bed again ; Dreads and Dangers appear'd in his Slumbers, for sleep he cou'd not ; nought was represented to his disorder'd Fancy but Death and Destruction, with their terrible Instruments and Attendants ; he thought himself in Hell already, the Pains and Passions he endur'd being all out as intolerable. However he got up, dress'd, and hasted away in a Post-Calash, to make the best he cou'd of a bad Bargain, and being arriv'd at *St. Germain's*, his old Court, he refresh'd, and went immediately to *Versailles*. to give a more particular Account to his Most Christian Majesty of the ill posture of their Affairs, by the Discovery and Disappointment of their Designs, than had been sent him before ; at his coming up the *Great-Stairs*, he was met
by

by a small Officer, and told, The King wou'd not be seen by any Body ; that none durst presume to approach him ; that every thing was in Disorder and Confusion, and that he cou'd not tell what to think of those Damn'd ill Events ; nor cou'd he see any Method or Possibility to retrieve them. He added, That News was come to Court that the Enemies Fleet, to the number of 60 Sail of Men of War, besides Fireships, Tenders, Yachts, and Storeships, had alarm'd all the Coasts, and had, in a manner, Hem'd in the Men of War that lay at Anchor in the *Flemish-Road* ; and that, in all probability, they wou'd burn them, and the Transport-Ships at *Calais*. That it was fear'd, all the Provision-Ships that were coming about from the Westward with their Convoy, nay, and *Nesmond's* Squadron too, wou'd fall into their hands. And what aggravated these Misfortunes, the Allies Troops were every where in motion, who wou'd, without doubt, take the opportunity, and make their advantage of these Disorders

orders these ill Accidents wou'd put our Affairs into. This was Dismal and Doleful, sounded harsh in his *Quondam Britanick* Majesty's Ears, and made him retire with precipitation from Court.

Two days after *Lewis le Petit* (for so henceforward we may call him) having rouz'd himself up, and in some sort shook off those black Clouds of Melancholy and Dispair that had surrounded him, began to open his Lips, and immediately sent a Messenger to the late (tho' never more) King *James*, to come away presently to him, who being arriv'd, went immediately into the Royal Bed-Chamber, where *Lewis* himself was walking to and fro in a most pensive manner, who hearing the Door open, turn'd quick about, and seeing the Fatal Phiz, the Cause of all his Misfortunes, approach, he stood fix'd, and with Eyes and Hands exalted, began thus to exclaim against the damn'd Destiny, and severe Fate, that had attended them both these late Years, and particularly at this most unhappy

happy Crisis ; and instead of embracing him, (as he did at his first coming from *England*, nay even at his return from *Ireland*, but more especially at his late parting) he frown'd, and with a scornful angry brow pronounc'd these Words :

What, are all our hopeful Plots and Projects come to this ! I thought even Fate it self cou'd ne'er have blasted this, the Snare was laid so sure ! The stroke so near ! The blow so smart ! So sudden ! Cou'd not fail. My Life ! My Soul ! and all that's dear to me, I cou'd have pawn'd, nay, have sold outright, that this brave Enterprize, this great Design, cou'd not Miscarry ! Yet it seems it has ! when all was ready to compleat the Fall, (secure the Force of all our Foes) at least the Mighty Man I most do dread, the only Bar that keeps me from the Empire of the World ! Ah ! Curse on all our Stars ! or rather yours alone ! for mine were good ! propitious ! and successful ! till yours came in conjunction ! E'er since that fatal Minute, I have droop'd and dwindled off apace ! The Aspects were Malevolent !

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lent ! So evil was the Scheme that form'd your
 Birth, that nought you undertake can thrive !
 And I, poor I, must fare the worse for being in
 League with you ! My Fortune was Conspicuous,
 my Days were Pleasant, my Nights Serene, my
 Dreams Diverting, my Affairs were Prof' erous,
 my Arms bore all before them, my Conquests were
 secur'd, my Victories compleated, my Foes con-
 founded, Friends supported, and all went well,
 till you came here ! Black were those Days, and
 melancholy are the thoughts thereof ! The bare
 reflection breaks my Heart ! The Cause is lost !
 The Quarrel now must end, but in my Ruin !
 My Glory is Eclips'd, and Involv'd in Clouds
 for evermore ! My Diadem already Totters ! My
 Crown, ere long, will be pluck'd off ! Torn from
 my Temples are my greenest Laurels ! My Tro-
 phies are retaken ! The Fruits of many Fields
 in Battles won, are now no more in Vogue ! They
 wither on my Brows, and I shall fall Unpitied !
 My Foes are not appeas'd ! My Ruin and De-
 struction only can Atone ! The Ambition of my
 Enemies United must with that be gratified !

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My Soul will now expire ! It heaves ! It beats !
 It presses to come out ! Some kind Friend now do
 the job for me ! And let my loath'd and hated
 Life, take flight from these material Mansions of
 my Body ! I can no longer live to see my Glory
 dead ! Must I survive the Blow ? Become the
 Common Scoff of all the World ? Curse of the Age !
 Heav'n's Rod ! The Devil's heavy Hand ! And
 more than this. Alas ! I must not, cannot bear
 it ! Although my Acts are blacker than the
 foulest Fiend in Hell, yet I repent not one ! I
 know the weight of them will break my Back,
 but none to me appears so beastly, and so mon-
 strous, as the last ; the Murder of a Head that
 once was Crown'd with Gold afflicts me most !
 That you, and I, and all the Council, should
 agree in this ! This Mean, Unmanly, Base,
 and Barbarous Deed, torments my Soul beyond
 the rest of all my Crimes, the more because we
 did not succeed ! And now I stand expos'd to all
 the World ! my Fame, though small before, is
 now all lost ! my Foe's enrag'd ! No Peace, I
 am sure, can be obtain'd ! Besides, I dread the

*Death that I determin'd for another ! My Impi-
 ous Life will meet a Stab ! Some Assassin must do
 the Feat ! My Age increases much my Fears !
 my Soul is torn with Vipers ! I feel the Pain, tho'
 not the Place call'd Hell ! I rore ! I rave ! I
 Die ! And so farewell my Friend, for Fate has
 link'd us both together ! I go first, you soon must
 follow ! There's nothing Great but what is Good !
 All Glorious Actions there begin, and there must
 end ! With that he threw himself on his
 Couch, and so was left alone, for the Boyne-
 General soon retir'd. We talk of nothing
 here at *Paris*, but the miscarriage of the dam-
 nedst and deepest Design that ever was laid,
 to involve a Nation in Blood and Confusion.
 The moderate Papists themselves here openly
 declare their Abhorrence and Detestation of
 it, and say 'twas form'd in Hell, and happi-
 ly disappointed by Heaven, with which all
 good Men will agree. Indeed, the whole
 World must, and doth abominate such Vil-
 lanies and Treacheries ; the lucky prevention
 of which, will certainly be fatal to the Instru-
 ments,*

ments, Incouragers, and Abettors: 'Tis in every one's Mouth, that the French King, King *James*, *Marschals Villeroy*, *Boufflers*, *D'Harcourt*, and the whole Grand Council of War, were for it, and Advis'd the doing of it, as the only means left to make a speedy end of the War, and give to, instead of taking a Peace from the Confederate Princes and States. This Black and Butchering Design, was first form'd in the Cabinet-Council of *France* in *January* last, promoted by the *Marquis de Barbesieux*, (Son to the late *Marquis de Louvois*) now Secretary of State, and Chief Favourite to the King; encourag'd and approv'd of by *Lewis*, even St. *Lewis*, I say, himself, and Warrants from his own Hand, for issuing out the Monies necessary for that Secret Service, and actually paid by the Grand Treasurer, to be remitted to the Agents and Emissaries of *France* residing in *England*; the Names of whom are well known here, and I doubt not but their Persons are discover'd there long before this.

I never saw so much True Joy express'd as now, amongst the French Converts, upon this occasion ; I mean, the Miscarriage of this Damn'd Design, which was, indeed, carried very privately on. The honest Hugonots cannot forbear shewing the great satisfaction they have at the disappointment of this Plot, and at the Preservation of the Sacred Person of King *WILLIAM* ; they have given such Publick demonstration of the secret Pleasure they have received hereby, that the Government would be offended, nay, resent it, and punish them severely, if they were at leisure to mind it, but the Court is wholly Confounded, and, as the French say, envelop'd. In a Word, I never saw so great Disorder and Dejection of Countenance, any where as at *Versailles*, *St. Germain*s, and all over the Isle of *France* (as you know the Country round about is call'd by way of distinction) amongst the Bloody Bigots, French, Irish, Scotch, and English. But this Justice I must do the Officers of the Armies, to as-
 sure

sure you, that they in private exclaim wonderfully against that part of the Plot which shou'd have begun with Murder and Massacre; as for the Invasion, they approve of that (if not usher'd in by t'other): That the Law of Arms allows, to surprize Enemies before they are prepar'd, or to use any Stratagems in War to destroy Foes is justifiable, but by no means Butchery is to be us'd, Carnage is the Practise of the Field only upon a Defeat.

'Twou'd make you laugh to read the several (almost without Number) Lampoons and Pasquils that now fly about in Derision of this deep Design, the freedom they use wou'd surprize you; they speak plainly, That *Lewis* and *James* were not in the bottom only, but at the very Soul of it: They are charg'd home with it, as being the Authors of the most Barbarous Plot that was ever form'd on this side Hell; they are paid off in Prose and Poetry; the Gravers are at Work too every where: New Medals, with suitable Motto's
or

or Devises, appear each Day. I wou'd have sent you some of both, but I wanted proper Portage; they are so common, that they are found in almost every Bodies hands; they are very Witty, Sharp and Satyrical, much a Propos. You are sensible the French Talent lies that way mightily, they have the Itch of Scribling as well as t'other, both equally difficult to be Cur'd; they write good Phantasies, and write (generally) well, especially at this time, Wit having been encourag'd, and Learning advanc'd mightily, by the several Academies establish'd in this Country, and by the great Countenance they have receiv'd from the present Potentates, many of the chief Clergy, and principal Nobility.

Having leisure, I went on purpose to the Courts at *St. Germain*s and *Versailles*, to observe how they took it; that is, how they bore this Renverse of Fortune, which is like to prove so Fatal and Destructive to them, and all concern'd: All was as whist as if they had been Dead, or in a deep Lethargy. 'Twas reported

reported at *Paris*, that the Duke of *Berwick*, who left the Court privately, and went away for *England*, (tho' it was given out that he was gone to the Frontiers of *Province* to reduce the Irish to their Duty, who were Revolted for want of Pay) shou'd, at his return, tell his Father, and Old *Lewis*, that all things were very hush, and the whole English Nation asleep, tho' it seems he was mightily mistaken, and so were they both, for believing him, the contrary now appearing, by the Mighty Naval Strength; that being upon their Coast, strikes a Terror into the whole Kingdom.

Immediately after Notice of the Discovery of the Design was given, and confirm'd by the Approach of the Fleet of the Allies, Orders were dispatch'd to Debark all the Troops, Provision, Ammunition, Artillery, &c. which was done with great precipitation, and some damage happen'd in the hurry. We hear that many of the Transport-Ships were run a-ground on purpose to draw them the near-

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er, the better to be defended by the Batteries, which were rais'd to preserve and protect them ; as also (if possible) to keep off the Bomb-Ships, which they dread all along the Coasts, having tasted of them to their Cost : Having, I say, both felt and seen, as well as heard of their Fiery effects. As for the Men of War that were at Anchor in the *Flemish-Road*, they hope to save them by the assistance of the two Wooden Forts that stand just at the *Peer-heads* at *Dunkirk* ; however, they are at Court in very great pain for them, and the Transports, as also for the Fleets of Provisions that are now ready to come about to *Dunkirk* from the Western Ports, to supply the Armies in *Flanders* with Wine, Brandy, Meal, &c. which in all probability will fall into Admiral *Russel's* hands.

The French King endeavours all he can to justify his Conduct, wholly disavowing the Plot and Assassination, (tho' almost ev'ry body here believes him over Head and Ears, nay chief Conspirator and Director) and says, What
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he did was only to assist King *James* to recover his Three Kingdoms, and to that end lent him a good Body of his own Troops, with Shipping, some Money, and Necessaries for such an Enterprize, to which he was extreamly press'd by that Prince, who assur'd him he had great Interest in, and Invitation from *England*, to come over, which he now owns he was over Credulous in glibly believing, especially because he now finds it otherwise. This, and a great deal more, has been alledged by himself, and his Ministers, to the Embassadors, Envoys and Residents of the several Princes in Neutrality, tho' with little success; for they believe, nay, now know the contrary. The late K. *James* also does the same, thinking thereby to extenuate the Matter, and to wipe off the Reflections and Censures that naturally fall upon him; but that won't do, for People are not so silly in Court, City, or Country, to suffer themselves to be deceiv'd with false Evasions, and sly Insinuations: The thing it self is Notorious,

rious, and got already so much into the Publick Mouth, that 'tis absolutely impossible to prevent or suppress the spreading thereof; it carries with it so great a certainty, that it is not so much as disputed. Besides, the blackness of the intended Fact contains so much Horror and Aversion, that all Mankind generally bear a Detestation to it; nor is it whisper'd only here, but loudly Proclaim'd in all the Publick Places and Streets. Expresses have been dispatch'd to the Neutral Courts, to prevent (if it may be) the effects of the first Impression such News usually makes, and to soften, and mitigate Matters; but alas! in vain! for the several Ministers of the Congress at the *Hague*, long before, had sent Carriers with the grateful Tidings of the happy Discovery and Disappointment of the Cursed Conspiracy, and Damn'd Design, form'd in the Court and Council of *France*, against the Sacred Life of King *William*, and against some of the Principal Men in Church and State, which wou'd have caus'd

caus'd a Confusion, which wou'd have given opportunity to an Insurrection, to make way for an Invasion of that Kingdom; which their several Masters had received before the Advices from *France* cou'd arrive.

It is pleasant to imagine what various reflections will be made in the foremention'd Courts of *Sweden*, *Denmark*, *Portugal*, *Rome*, *Tuscany*, and *Venice*, upon this Solemn Occasion, and how the several Creatures of *France* there will labour to evade, or extenuate the Charge, tho' 'tis absolutely impossible for them to get over it; for as Bloody a Court as that of *Rome* is known to have been, they must needs abhor, and detest such barbarous and black Villanies, at least if they have any sparks of Religion or Humanity left among them; (much indeed I don't expect) the Sable Priesthood it self (I shou'd think) can't but abominate such vile Treacheries as these; if *Rome* won't, Hell will blush at these impious Intents. The Plots of Satan himself, or of the Sovereign Pontiff, (his Brother,

ther, come short of these, and are not to be named the same Day, tho' they may vie with, or emulate each other : The Missionary Bigots themselves never embrued their Hands so deep in Blood, at least not in Royal : The private Poisons in practice in the *Gallick* Court (which some Years past made so great a noise in *Europe*) are not to be compar'd with the late Diabolical Design.

But then, what will the Princes and States of the Reform'd think, and say, of this Devilish Design ? It must needs enrage them to a prodigious pitch ; surely it shou'd bring them all into the League against *France* ; the *Swiss*, the *Swedes*, the *Danes*, the *Portuguese*, the *Tuscans*, and the *Genoese*, all to draw their Swords against this foul Fiend, this Enemy of Mankind, *Lewis the Lewd* ! The Scandal of his Name and Nation ! The Scorn of all the World ! The Shame of *Europe* ! The very Burden of the Earth ! The Vengeance of Heaven must soon come down and destroy him, else even the Justice of that Place will

will be called in Question; Impieties like these are never to be forgiven; forgotten they can't be, while Ink, Pens, and Books, remain in use. Surely the Deity himself will provide some punishment proper and peculiar to the Persons and Crimes of those two Black *Nero's*: Thunders, Blasts, Lightnings, Tempests, Hurricans, or Earthquakes, must kill, or burn, or swallow up alive such Monsters! Such Births Unnatural, shou'd, methinks, have been usher'd in by fiery Meteors! Nature herself surely was asleep, Supine, and lost, when these Leviathans were form'd! She'd start, retreat, and quit the World, when first the News was brought, if she had been in Being! Confusion! Confusion! Confusion! was the Word went out, which the World has found too true! *Lewis* and *James*, indeed, have each inverted the whole Order of the World! Nought but Fire and Sword attends their Motion! Desolation and Destruction always come along with them, are their Constant Companions! Devastations, Murders, Massacres,

ures, Poisonings, Plunderings, Burnings, Hangings, is their Daily Study and Delight.

'Twou'd make you smile to hear the People talk in *Paris*; the Poor, the Mean, the Common Shifts that now are urged to palliate all the Ills that comes from Court, are quite Derided, turn'd to Ridicule; poor Pretences, not so thick nor strong as a Cobweb-Net, the very Flyes escape, the Silly and the Ignorant can't be caught; all Sorts, all Orders and Degrees, exclaim aloud against the Treachery and the Villany of the Plot, so Cruel and so Bloody, so Base, Unmanly, and Ungenerous. And these are Names too smooth, too soft for such black Acts, for when Princes descend from the Dignity of their high Places, and mix with the vile Miscreants of the World, to propagate and perpetrate Murders, Insurrections, &c. they lose the Honour and respect due to them and their Character, and become as abject and contemptible as common Men; nay, more, for Virtue alone (not Birth or Fortune) gives the true distinction
between

between the Prince and the Peasant, the Sovereign and the Dependent.

Here arrive Expresses daily from *Calais*, the News they bring is kept very private, which makes all People believe 'tis very bad, and against the humour as well as interest of the *Gallick* Court ; for whenever good News comes, 'tis immediately spread abroad, improv'd, nay mightily added to. However, thus much we, that live in *Paris*, can gather, That the great Design upon *England* has miscarried, and that abundance of the Conspirators in *England* are Seiz'd, and Examin'd, and some order'd to be speedily Tryed ; and that not only in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, but also in all the several Counties of the Kingdom, there were great Numbers of *Jacobites* and *Papists* taken up and Imprison'd, which has knock'd the whole Plot on the head.

News arrives from *England* with very great difficulty and incertainty, because of the great Guard is said to be kept ev'ry where,

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as also the Embargo upon all manner of Shipping, which shuts up all the Ports close; so that nothing but the Owlers of *Kent* and *Suffex* can come out, and they run great hazards, because of the great number of Ships and Vessels continually Sailing to and from the Coast of *France*, while the Confederate Fleet, or any part of it, lies there.

You can't imagine how all the honest English and Scotch here, that are Lovers of their Countries, and Honorers of King *William*, were troubled, for fear the French Troops shou'd have Landed and surpriz'd you, before your Fleet was at Sea. Though the Forces were but few, yet they were all Chosen Men, I say, pick'd and cull'd, and in a manner all French, being those his Most Turkish Majesty cou'd best rely on; and these were to have been seconded with Supplies of the same Nation, as occasion shou'd have required. The Sum of Money advanc'd for this Service, and issu'd out of the *Gallick* Treasury, and which was kept in ready Cash, mounted to about

about two hundred thousand Pounds Sterling, and more was to have been remitted if wanted.

Just now is arrived a Courier from *Flanders*, who has brought scurvy News we are sure, for it has given the French Court more Melancholy. 'Tis already whisper'd about, that the Allies have done great Mischief to the Magazines on the Frontiers; the particulars of which we can't obtain, for *Secrecy* is the Word now; and if ever *Lewis* was defeated and expos'd 'tis at this time, for all things go ill with him, which we hope will make him begin to think of a Peace before it be too late; his Vassals (for Subjects I can't call them) groan under the heavy Hand of Oppression and Tyranny, and moulder away with extream Poverty, and earnestly pray and wish for a Deliverance; and have, in full Confidence thereof, fix'd their Eyes upon that Matchless Prince King *WILLIAM*, being, in their Opinion, the
Mighty

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Mighty Man, destin'd by Heaven, to do
that WORK alone.

Farewel my Friend, excuse my brevity
and haste, and believe that I am, beyond all
Expression,

Your Faithful Friend

T. G.

